



Botschaft von
Das [R]Eine Volk
am 16. Juli im Jahre UrUr

ENGLISH TRANSLATION



Our Holy Kingdom ...and how we can be victorious!

Of what incomprehensible value, and at the same time positive influence to the overall world events, our POWER OF WILL is - if it is used correctly - will be demonstrated in this article, which gives the interested reader in an unmistakable manner insight into events, which, if they were described using only words, would hardly appear credible and comprehensible.

Over the course of the many conversations in the background - during the past few days they involved specifically our children, and also the future of our people - I gave the inquirers useful tips for the training of our descendants. My sons are also undergo a training program of spiritual, mental, but also by all means physical special training, although my oldest one, Arian Tyrfried, has only spent five years on this earth at this point in time .

To give an essential insight and understanding of my following words, it is necessary to give more specific details: Those, who have studied my many thousands of VOLKSBOTSCHAFTEN over the past 18 years, know, for the most part, the story of my life. I deliberately left out a significant period of my life, because the experience was too embarrassing. But to be able to put the essence of this into the focus of this article, I don't get around to bring the past into the present...

In the nineties, I interrupted my career with the KAMPFTAUCHER (combat-divers) of the BUNDESWEHR, after a "dishonorable discharge". A rather macabre incident was the trigger for my premature departure. Due to actuarial reasons, information on this is not available to the public, did the course of events, that had occurred after the "misunderstanding", not correspond to the general Terms and conditions of the company.

Head over heels I traveled to Thailand, a short telephone registration preceded my flight. Having landed in Bangkok, I boarded one of these wonderful TukTuk, which took me, terrified for my life, to a small airport. From there a propeller plane took off to my long-awaited destination. My first visit to Thailand left me amazed at every corner. Sometimes I was disgusted by the stench and the sight of different districts of Bangkok, other times I was fascinated by the friendly people. The pilot responsible for the transport of our small group took his task with composure. I sat in front, reason being my higher body weight, next to him. In the course of the approximately 150-minute flight to the northern outback to the border of Burma, we got into a quite interesting conversation. Already during the flight, I learned something interesting about my destination, one of the best martial arts schools in Asia. After landing on a stubble runway, that was certainly not approved for general air traffic, a companion and I were brought by a so called Taxi, a TukTuk again, across narrow paths to a very elegant property. In front of the imposing gate, a young Thai man was waiting for us, bowed before us and welcomed us very friendly in English. Behind the gate we took our shoes off, went straight to one of the four rings where all the bustle was...

For your understanding: Since I was 7 years old, I have been practicing various martial arts. At first I started with boxing, a Russian officer of the Soviet Army, stationed in Zeesen near Berlin, was my coach - Valerij - and as it turned out in retrospect, a wonderful, sensitive man. In time, he taught us techniques of the army, but I was mainly interested in Thai boxing, which he taught like no other in the former GDR. This form of self-control was strictly prohibited in the GDR! One could have been

too much defensive skills for the system to handle. During my service with the POLICE and various other task forces, I trained in both sports clubs, as well as in our service sports groups, took part in sports events, also winning the odd local title here and there. Peanuts, since the winner of a fight can only be as good, as his opponents allow, as should now be proven here in Thailand...

The welcoming student introduced us to the trainer and patron of the school, Grandmaster Anuphap Kamon. Only much later I learned the meaning of my first names from a Thai Grand Master. For this reason alone my journey was worthwhile. His two first names in their meaning combine HEART with UNDERSTANDING and POWER. His first names were not deceiving. Immediately a small, radiant woman came running towards us, the master introduced her as his beloved wife Kanyanat, who provides for all students with healthy and fresh food every day and keeps camp life in check. Tiny as she was, her embrace was like the clasp of a scrap yard grab, which transports the cars to the press. Kanyanat immediately asked about our special culinary preferences, she liked to try something new or unusual. My only suggestion at the time was regarding oriental food, since I was not necessarily comfortable with boiled snakes, frogs and other lizards, as well as shellfish. Her smile faded timidly, as she informed me, that all the students were provided for **with purely plant foods.**

MY DAY WAS OVER! I was young and stupid then. A feeling of powerlessness immediately took over my body, I was just trying to get my head around it. **Meals without meat, how is that possible?** A group of children timidly approached our round, which were introduced by the master with first names and age. I couldn't remember a thing at that moment, I might have missed the conversation completely, due to the pathological communication of the housekeeper. I was already lacking the meat and with it the source of strength in my life, at least in my opinion.

Until I was 16 years old, I lived mostly with my maternal grandparents, who had numerous butchery stores. From 02:30 in the morning until 20:00 in the evening, thousands of animals were cut into sausages, pies, salads and sausages, processed and lastly cooked. My grandmother's meat salad, a dream! My memories sent me to the good old days, mouthwatering at the thought. Now it was our turn to tell the group around us about our lives. Master Anuphap Kamon was mainly interested in our martial arts-related experiences. My life story was quickly told, the master nodded approvingly and immediately introduced me to his oldest Son Natthapon (this first name means something like: BOLDEST WARRIOR). In the course of getting to know him and according to the Thai way of welcoming friends, we should now prove in a relaxed fight what makes European Thai boxing so special. I got changed next to the ring, picked up my new ten-ounce boxing gloves and waited for the master's instructions, not knowing that his 10-year-old son Natthapon would be my opponent... maybe I was still busy thinking about grandma's delicious meat salad or even Jet-Legged. It took me a while before I understood, who was supposed to be my opponent. But when the penny finally dropped, I replied to the Master immediately and with all determination, **that children and women in no case will be my opponents.** I was absolutely convinced on behalf of my soul, I was forbidden to compete against helpless people of this kind. The master looked at me questioningly, not a single sound was audible, all eyes were on me. This situation was extremely embarrassing.

What I did not know at that time: By denying the acceptance of his son as an opponent, I dishonored the family. Anuphap Kamon came very close to me, with his face a few inches from mine, said with determination: "*Then take your belongings and go home.*" I didn't want to do that. I did not travel halfway around the world, only to go right back to where I came from... "*GET OUT OF MY HOME!*" he said more determined. So I slowly changed back into my clothes, sat down on the bench at the edge of the ring, saddened and distressed, thinking about why it had to be like this. Kanyanat, the wife of the master joined me, the master spoke harshly to her in her mother tongue, she hissed back, he gave in and got in the ring. She said to me sensitively with her sweet, broken

English, I should first apologize to him with bowed head. If he accepts, then ask the son Natthapon for forgiveness, then ask all the students for forgiveness. If all of them forgave me, I could stay. My heart smiled. Now I understood why Kanyanat had to be the master of this school. I did what I was asked to do, the master took me into his arms after my remorseful apology and was glad. Then I could fight against the son now, weighing no more than 41kg! What? No, that's not what I wanted... Not knowing that by apologizing I'd be breaking my own vow, I was overcome with a queasy feeling of ambivalence. What do I do now? After a short pause for thought, I agreed. I didn't necessarily have to make use of my whole spectrum of skills on this little guy. I wanted to reassure myself against the master and asked sheepishly: "*What if I hurt him?*" The master had a hard time not to laugh at me, but said calmly: "*Be glad if you survive 20 seconds - give everything, GIVE REALLY EVERYTHING!!!*", were his words to me. And I should have heeded his words!

Now 100 kg and more than 24 years of martial arts experience stood in the ring against a 41 kg midget. The master took off my gloves, shook his head, had me wrap them in bandages. A hardly describable inner film was running through my mind. Techniques must be used, which demonstrate my skills, without hurting the little guy. The call "BOX" followed. Little one rushed at me... **dark**. Yes, I know it's extremely embarrassing, so I've said very little about the experience in the past. What I witnessed, was a child, who can not be described in words. Images can best describe this experience. Sit down and enjoy: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xLTdn5P-lGs>

Patting my face and moisture let me return to this world. Pain in the rib area, my chin beaten to a pulp, my thigh blue to black, all this within four seconds of standing on the boards. On my side is to be noted: **NOTHING!** I had not even been able to start the approach of an action. Who was this machine? Where have I landed here? Smiling, the master looked at me, asked if I felt ok, helped me up, sent me to my bag with the words: "*Take it easy, then go home.*" His reaction confused me completely. What should I do at home? Exactly that, what the kid had "booked", that's what I wanted, no less. I communicated my will to the Master and was reluctant to abide his words. His words became clearer, he repeated, something like, they didn't need me here. In the nice way he said I was too heavy, not suitable for this art. Now the fuses blew! I'm too heavy... EGO... is the old man crazy!? All of course only thoughts that come to my mind. I suddenly couldn't feel the huge hematoma on my entire thigh anymore, adrenaline shot out of my glands into the blood, I was angry and disappointed in myself... 4 seconds, what a dope I was?! That little thing, just a flyspeck, I can get him with the left arm and with 45 degrees fever...

Was it this aggressive state on my part that Anuphap Kamon wanted to achieve, was I a victim of his manipulation? Frugally, he agreed to a "revenge", however it may presented itself. Now I knew my opponent, I meant, who immediately after the start of the fight fired low kicks onto my thigh again, several per second, me always in reverse. Even though his fists hammered down on my guard and my abdomen at the same time, I also felt his nasty low kicks. Shit, how do I get through that hail of bombs? Since I didn't show any sign of a return in the revenge, that seemed to last for hours, maybe that was the very thing, that might throw off the little guy. I landed two hard hits, after I placed my guard and a volley of lead- and tipper-hand in his face. It could have gone wrong, but I had landed two hits, which forced Natthapon into reverse. Please note: **in reverse**. Every European would have been forced to the ground by this attack. Natthapon nodded with respect, gave me his right hand for a high five and... well, then it was dark again. He just put the second fucking gear in. I couldn't believe, what I'd experienced.

I woke up again, many faces were looking at me, I was lying in the arms of Natthapon, who was touchingly endeavored about my well-being. My first words to him: "*WHAT ARE YOU?*" He laughed, helped me up on my legs, and handed me a bowl of water. The master spoke words to him, which he answered briefly and concisely while accompanying me to the ring ropes. Was that my withdrawal? NO, I don't want that, I want to fight, or rather learn how to, I thought to myself.

Natthapon told me, that it was enough for today, but I didn't want to be remembered being such a sissy, representing the victorious Germans, the once proud and invincible. I was defeated by a child. I couldn't accept that. In my mind I relived the just happened incidence, trying to find a gap in Natthapons system. Slightly weakened, I said to him: "*All good things are three!?*" Astonished at my decision, the steel-man replied, that he could play this game for days and weeks, looking at me with pity. Me too! So round three, and this time...

...well, I went down again, but I was conscious. I got up alone and I endured a lot of the cutting claps on thighs, knees and calves again. My only chance was my higher body weight. Simply without intermission, in a targeted and controlled way however, beating the crap out of the little man, which I did. Unplannable, even for me, I used high kicks, which he wasn't interested in at all. Basically, our round three was a wild brawl. But, my shinbone accidentally hit him in his left ear, this caused me falling to the floor, but his sense of balance was severely impaired, LUCKY PUNCH! I couldn't go on, I was finished. By the rules of combat, I should have knocked my opponent out at that moment, but he was a child. By the ropes our so-called fight was closely watched by the father and master. He asked me the question, why I didn't finish the fight that had ended my favor. My answer, "*I was too exhausted.*" He saw, what was going on in my heart, took me in his arms again and said: "*I am glad that your will and your good heart awarded you to stay here with us.*" Now I was proud.

Over the next 39 months I learned a little of what defines Natthapon in his essence. Most importantly, the Muay Boran and KrabiKrabong is not about physical strength, not about the often described speed. These martial arts are tightly interwoven with two characteristics, which are innate to each of us: **CERTAINTY and POWER OF WILL**.

Without the certainty of being able to achieve everything in this realm, even if all other people should fail, I will master the set task with all the complex hurdles, and no matter how powerful KASNER (Merkel) seems to be, and if she had ten more of the evil devils behind her, it doesn't matter, I will be VICTORIOUS in my life and lead a free existence on this earth, as my God-Self has intended for me. This certainty I carry firmly in the core of my being and by means of my never wavering willpower I will be victorious, always!

Our enemy is not Kasner, she is what Goethe described with his clearly formulated words "the power that always wants evil and yet creates good." In the prevailing polarity on this earth, there has to be an offer of two types of matters, otherwise we would never know how to use our skill of distinction. The real enemy however, is us, or a state, in which we are mentally deranged and **voluntarily exchange CERTAINTY for DOUBT**. In the state of perfection, in which we all are aware of our STRENGTH and see the future blossoming rosy, never worry about money, values and health, **WHAT** should make us leave our way in the godlike moment of all cosmic order?

By our own free will however, we chose to deal with things on a stage that aren't of our concern whatsoever. POLITICS is the means of dickheads FOR dickheads, because you can never, under no circumstances, get higher spirits to move into these inferior depths of acting. So why let us distract ourselves from puppets of a world control, when we incarnated into this world as free living beings? Remember, world and earth are two different pairs of shoes! **And also consider: You are, what you eat. You are also, what you think and feel.**

Look out your window! What do you see? Kasner, Spahn, Laschet, other crackpots? A few days ago at the gas station, I met a Russian couple, young people, smiling, fresh, very neat. I could tell by their license-plate where they came from. When asked what they were doing here, since they had such a vast and beautiful country right on their doorstep, he replied that they were engineers in Germany, but were very dissatisfied with the obligation to wear a muzzle "*HAVE TO*"? Who

decides what a person has to do or not? The own conviction and the doubt, which has been exchanged for the certainty, that ALL POWER is within each of us. After a short consultation, they continued their way, laughing, without the muzzle, that they threw in trash cans. Two more friends in this world, brothers of our people. Every day they report their experiences to me by e-mail and how easy it was, when they finally awakened their inner POWER.

And even if the talking-dolls of POLITICS and their trained "GERMAN" jump up and down hundreds of times in front of me, I don't give a damn! Whatever you try, I'm staying firm in my WILL-POWER and, of course, in the perfect CERTAINTY, that I have not incarnated into this realm to poison myself in any way. I don't live raw and vegan, **KETO.GAN.IF**, to get me into pathological dependency, due to a monkey dance by some satanic crackpots. That will never happen. A few days ago, while I was shopping at a supermarket, the managing director asked me if I didn't have to wear a mask, if I had a doctor's attestation. "*Yes and no*", I answered him and went on. He continued his battle- and hate-shouts. "*Hello, stop!*", now we were in a race...

"*But you must, if you want to shop here...*" after a brief interruption, a fixed look into his dirty eyes, I said, "*I don't have to do anything, and you may piss off now.*" "*If you want to shop here in my house, I...*" ... My answer: "*The use of food is a human right, I am human, not PERSON. Your house? Let's have a look at the contract of sale! Sue me if you want!*", I told him laughing and went on. Two other shoppers there immediately took the rag off their mouths. It's that simple. Nothing happened, which would affect me in my way. And I never give up the certainty perhaps not to be right. At ALDI and LIDL I already don't get molested anymore. A cashier once hissed at a granny, who slipped her muzzle a little off her mouth, when she was putting her shopping in the cart. Like a leper she was rebuked by the cashier "*IF YOU INFECTED ME NOW AND I DIE,...!*" and other shoppers in the queue joined in. I asked loudly and strictly, if any of the accusers knew someone, who knew someone, who had died from CORONA. Nope, nobody, everybody quiet. After a short sermon on the subject of "POLITICAL AGENDA OF THE MUZZLE," an elderly man took off his mask in approval, while the others said with suddenly turned flags, that it was all the nonsense what the politicians decided anyway. Friends, so firm is "**DEUTSCH**" in WILL-POWER and CERTAINTY, they are losers and failures, they are miserable good-for-nothings, who are in desperate need of a real leader, who knows how to put them on the track to perfection.

We few, we "lonely righteous" (see Sayaha 12), are the seed of the New Age. It lies in our hands, whether we continue to tolerate and endure or finally turn towards the light within this darkness. Every day a multitude of awakened join our small group of clear-minded people. Let's welcome them and start something new, it's all up to us.

Der Sieg dem Heil.
:friedrich wilhelm thomas aus dem Hause Neubert

(As always, so also today: Pass on this message to the millions within our pure folk!)

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